A SALT EEL FOR MYNHEER,

written & composed

by

Mr. Dibdin,

and Sung by him

in his New Entertainment

called

THE SPHINX.

Pr. 1s.

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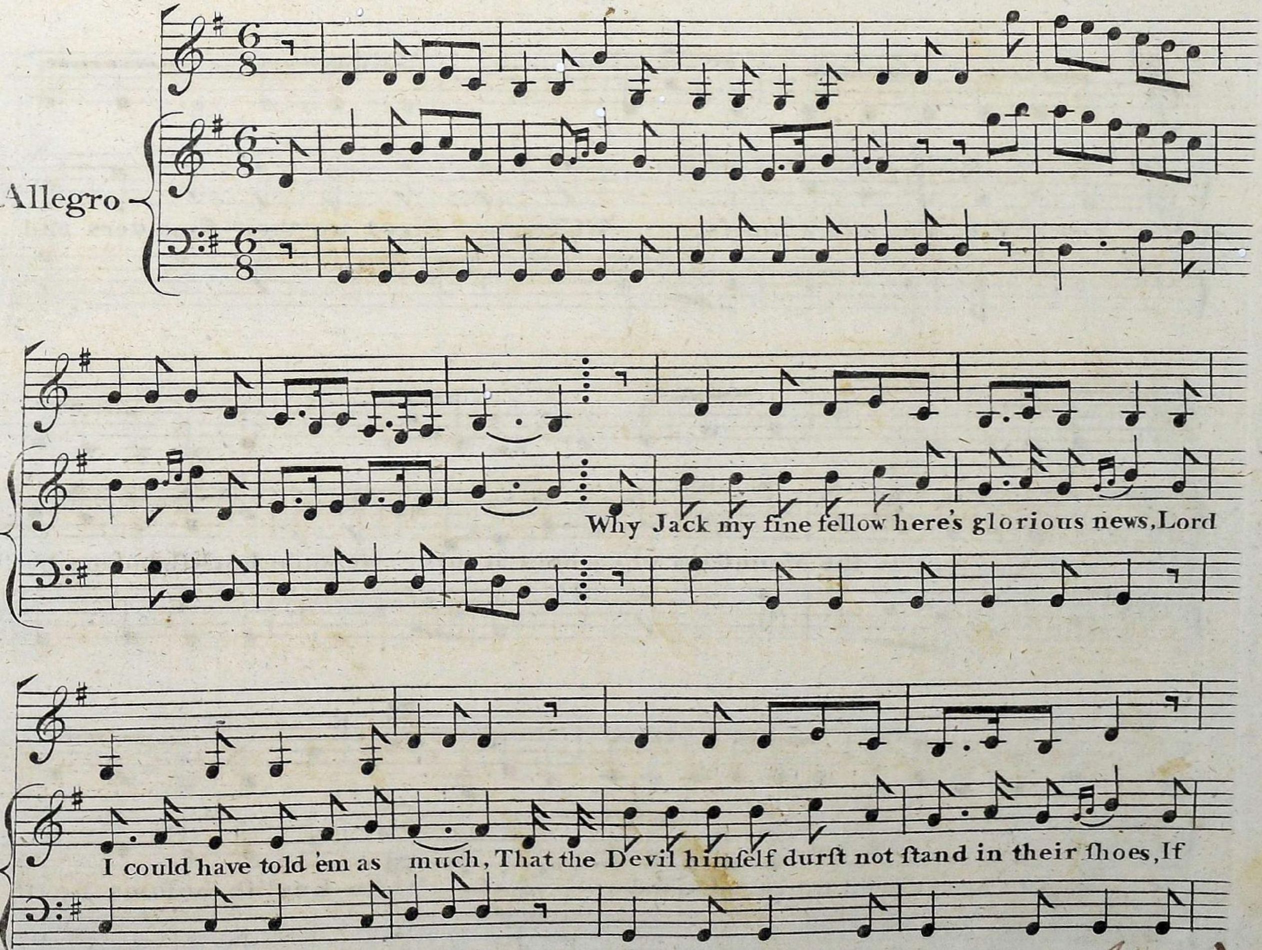
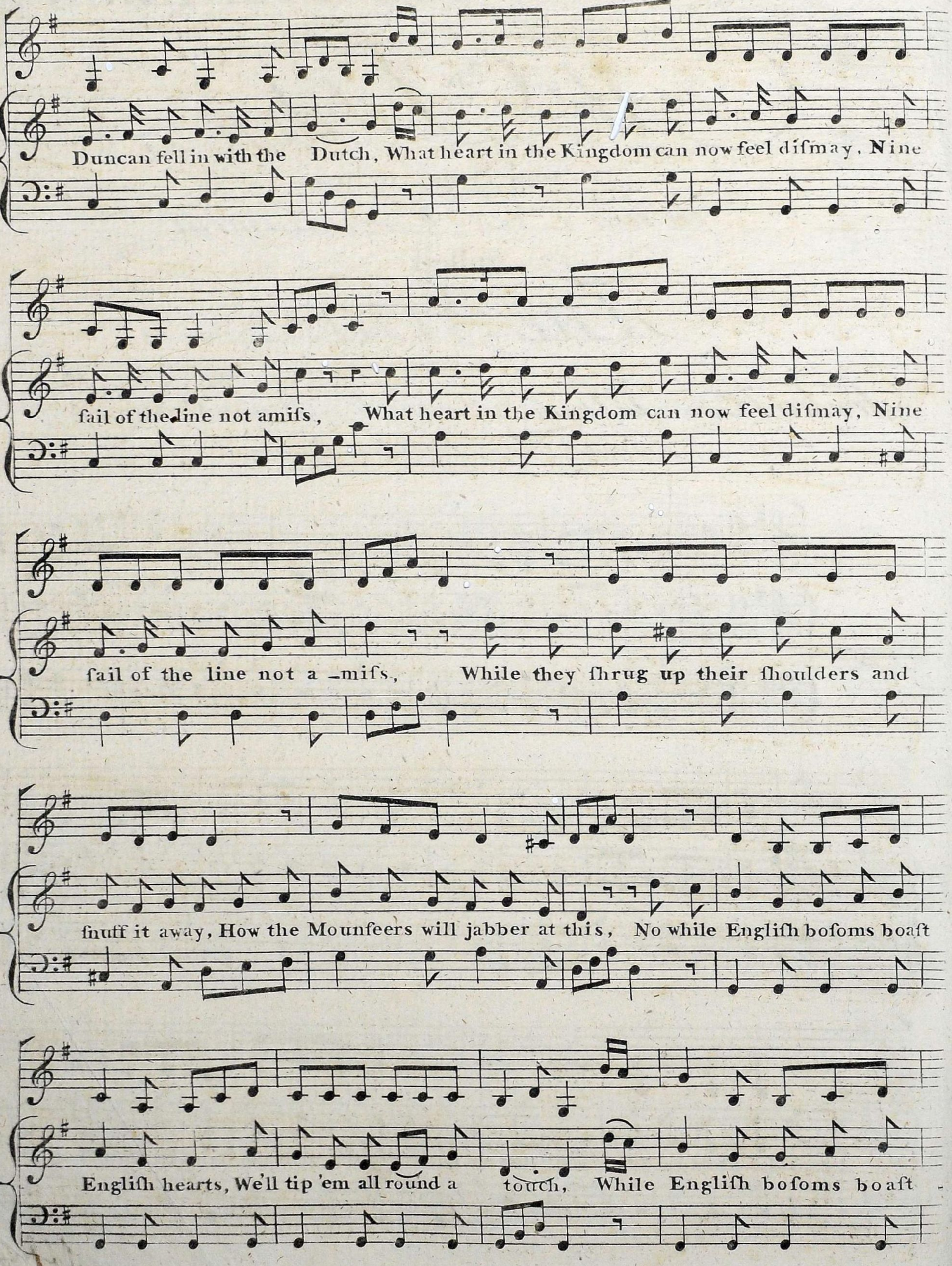
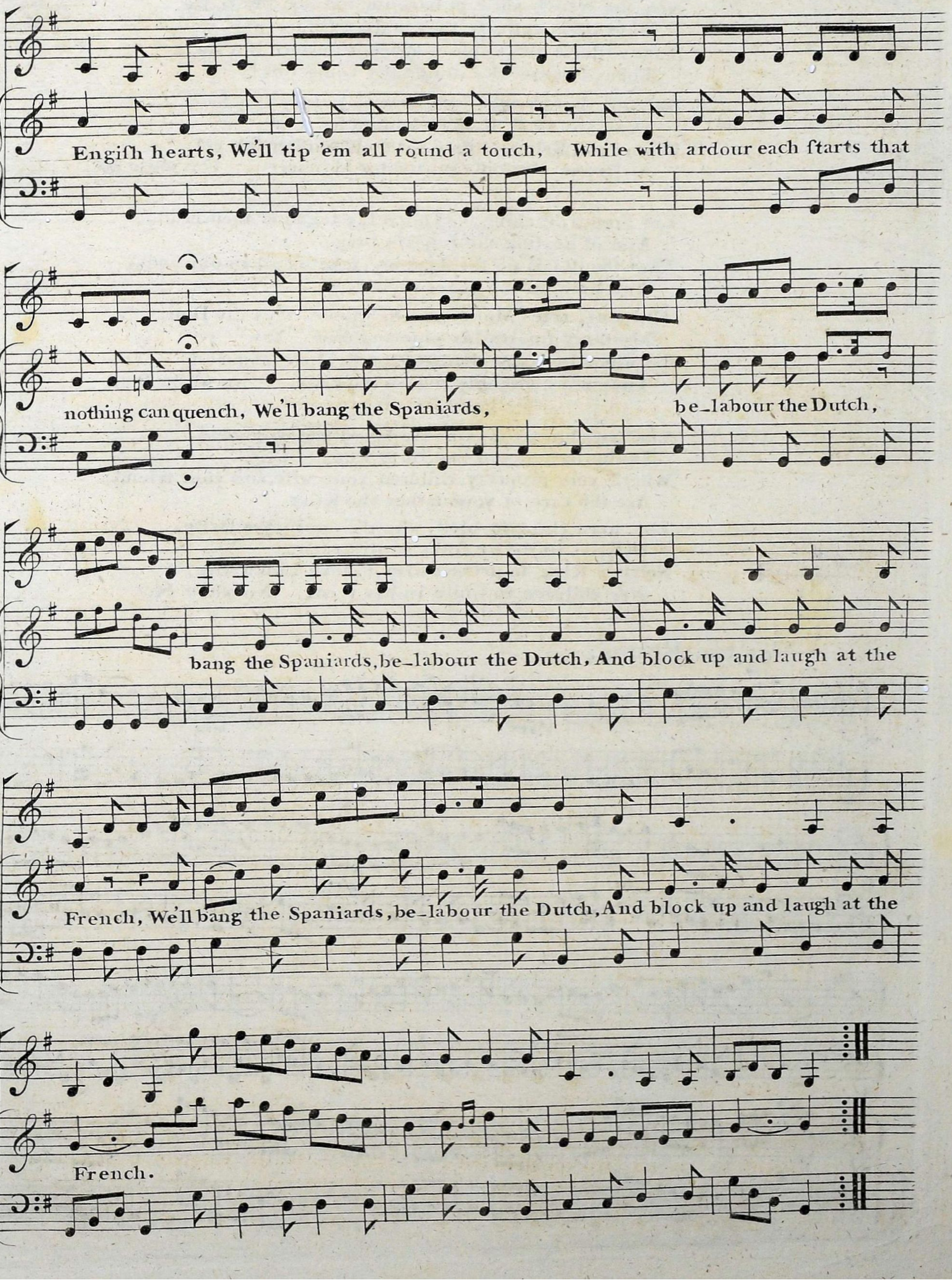



Duncan fell in with the Dutch, What heart in the Kingdom can now feel difmay, Nine
fail of the line not amifs, What heart in the Kingdom can now feel difmay, Nine
fail of the line not a -mifs, While they fhrug up their fhoulders and
fnuff it away, How the Mounfeers will jabber at this, No while Englifh bofoms boaft
Englifh hearts, We'll tip 'em all round a touch, While Englifh bofoms boaft -


Engiſh hearts, We'll tip 'em all round a touch, While with ardour each ſtarts that
nothing can quench, We'll bang the Spaniards, be_labour the Dutch,
bang the Spaniards, be_labour the Dutch, And block up and laugh at the
French, We'll bang the Spaniards, be_labour the Dutch, And block up and laugh at the
French.

2

Now the French, while in harbour ſo ſnug, and ſo ſly,
'Bout their courage they make a fine rout;
If they'd have the whole world not believe it a lie,
Then, damme why don't they come out!

Becauſe, though they brag that ſo boldly they feel,
They are all of them trembling for fear
From Lord Bridport they get ſuch another ſalt eel,
As Brave Duncan prepar'd for Mynheer. For while &c:

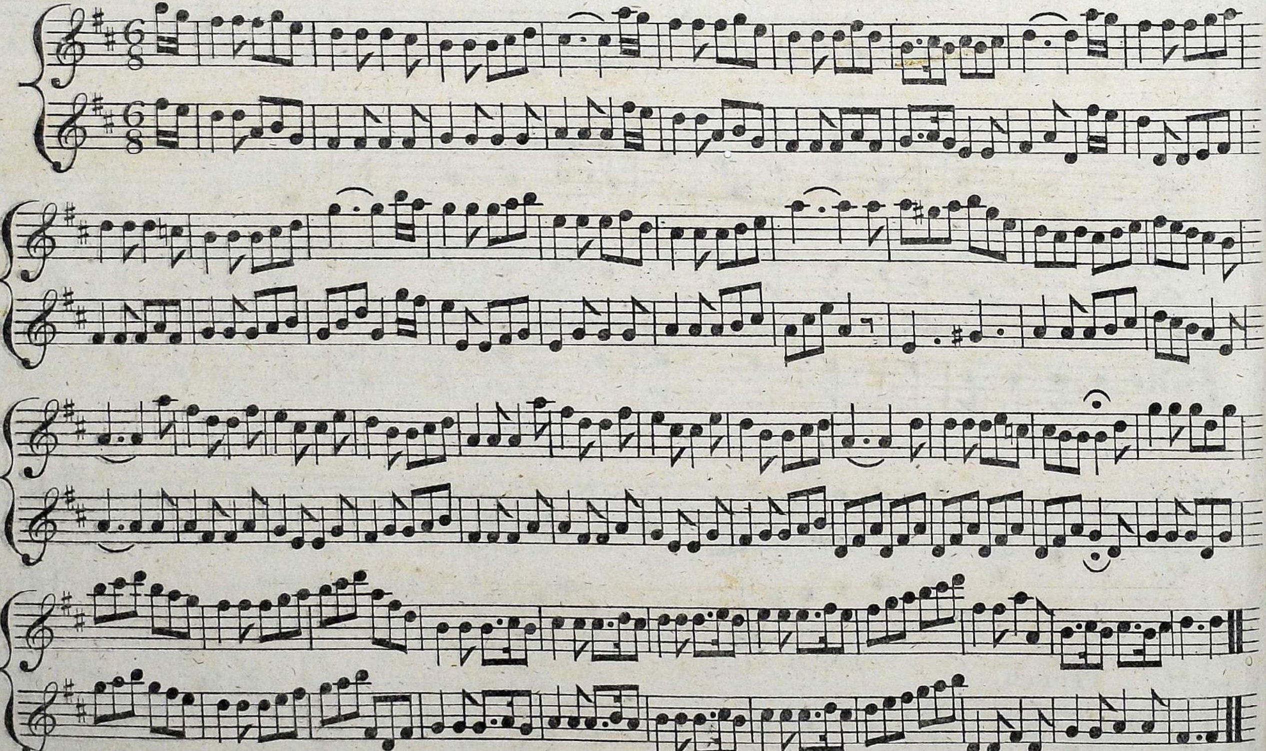
3

Let French, Spaniſh, and Dutch lay together their heads,
And of beating the Engliſh brag,
That they'll ſail up the Thames, take us all in our beds,
And hoiſt on the Tower their flag;

"Oui, oui," cries Mounſeer, "Si Signor," ſays the Don,
Mynheer ſmokes his pipe and cries, "Yaw"
But when Jervis, or Duncan, or Bridport come on,
They are damnably ſick in the craw. No while &c:

4

Your true honeſt maxim I've heard 'em commend
Is the nation you live in to ſing;
Where your property, children, your wife, and your friend
Are the care of your father the King.

The man then ſo bleſt, who diſſeminates ſtrife,
Deſerves while he ſinks in diſgrace,
Neither King to protect him, to love him a wife,
Nor children to ſmile in his face. No while &c:

For two Flutes.